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Aug. 17, 1852.

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Youth and Manhood.

A VIGOROUS LIFE, OR PREMATURITY KEPT OFF.

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This book is published in Great Britain by the Generative Organ, at the infirmities and diseases of the Generative Organ. It addresses itself to youth, Manhood and Old age, and is a most valuable work. The value, advice and impressive warning it gives, will prevent years of misery and suffering, and save annually thousands of lives. Parents by reading it will learn how to prevent the destruction of their children. A remittance of 25 cents, enclosed in a letter addressed to Dr. Kinkelin, north-west corner of Third and Union streets, between Spruce and Olive streets, Philadelphia, will ensure a book, under envelope, per return of mail. Persons at a distance may address Dr. K. by letter, (post-paid) and be cured at home. Packages of medicine, directions, &c., forwarded by sending a remittance, and put up secure from damage or curiosity. Book-sellers, News-Agents, Pedlars, Canvasers, and all others supplied with the above work, at very low rates. May 24, 1852. 1162-13

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## TEA—The best in the country you will find at

STRAWER'S.

## Smooth Things.

For the Ohio Star.

"And they said, 'Speak into us smooth things.'"

A people, long notoriously sitting With cushions under a chair; Given vowing, at last, of submitting, Once vowed to be freemen again.

But now they have grounded their weapons, While each to his manly clangings—Do you marvel, my friends, how it happens? Their rulers have told them—"smooth things!"

A Church, in her just indignation, Rose up, at a blasphemous Law; And resolved, from unholy relation With the compact of sin, to withdraw.

But now, with hands folded in meekness,—"Peace, peace," is the song that she sings—Why endeth her zeal thus in weakness? Her preachers have spoken—"smooth things!"

Not thus the disciples of Jesus May bow when the wrong doer roars; "Give to Caesar the things which are Caesar's," But give not the soul, which is God's! Nor give with conscience a carry.

Not rulers over wrong fold her wings—De wary, oh brothers, be wary, Lest ye barter God's truth for "smooth things." Edinburgh, Nov. 1852.

## Benevolence and Gratitude.

A TRUE STORY.

It was a raw bleak night; the rain was falling fast, while the wind blew in violent gusts. A Portsmouth night-coach stopped at the principal inn of the town to change horses. The cold and wearied travellers alighted for a few minutes to enjoy the comfort of a blazing fire, as well as to take refreshments.

"Will you give a poor fellow a night's shelter in your hay-loft?" asked a weather-beaten sailor, addressing one of the out-lets who was fastening the harness.

"No, not to such as you," answered the man; "you had better make the best of your way off, or you'll get more than you look for, if you prove about here any longer."

"Perhaps, young man," replied the tar, "you may one day be sent adrift upon the world, without a penny to keep your head above water; and as to honesty I know better than to take what is not my own; I had not a shoe to my foot."

"I wouldn't trust you farther than I could see you," said the out-let, "and if you don't go off, I'll make you."

Poor Jack was turning away, hungry and footsore when he was tapped on the shoulder by a lad who acted as stable boy. "If you were to go down the road to the first little shop you come to," he said, "Widow Smith would, I dare say, let you sleep in her wood house; she's a good old creature, and is always ready to help any one in distress."

"Thank you, thank you," said the sailor. "These few words caused a revulsion of feeling in the breasts of the sailors; they told him that there still were hearts in which kindness flowed."

John Willis, on coming shore, had been robbed of his little all, a thing of no uncommon occurrence, and he was now compelled to beg his way to London. He deeply felt the rebuffs he frequently met with. The prevalence of imposition frequently renders it hard for those who are ready in need to get help, for their truthfulness is often questioned.

Jack followed the directions given him, but he found the shop closed. He felt that it was an unreasonable hour; still the favorable account that he had received of his owner, encouraged him to tap at the door. His summons was answered by the widow dame who, having listened compassionately to his tale of sufferings, bade him enter and share her frugal meal.

The tar entered his benevolent hostess with a recital of the misadventure he had witnessed, and the narrow escape he had himself had. And she, who had directed him to the good Providence which had preserved him to the present hour, and the sailor who had bid to redeem him. The repeat over, the widow placed some clean dry straw in one corner of a shed attached to her dwelling, and with a thankful heart the weary traveler stretched himself upon it, and slept as soundly as if on a bed of down.

Before continuing his journey in the morning, Jack looked in to thank the good woman for the shelter she had given him; he found, however, a warm bed awaiting him. Having partaken of it, he accepted a few cents to help him on his way, he departed with a hearty benediction from his hostess.

Ten years, and the little incident here recorded had long escaped the memory of all save one of the parties concerned. Ten years had wrought many changes in the town and most of the inhabitants but they had glided gently over the head of Widow Smith. The only alteration perceptible in her was that her hair had become more silvery, and her form was now slightly bent. She still continued her labors of love; and though her means were very limited, she was looked upon as the friend and neighbor of all who were sick, or in want.

One morning a large official looking letter was put into Mrs. Smith's hand by the postman. Its purport was to beg her attendance in London on the following day, when the writer said she would receive gratifying intelligence, which it was wished to communicate to herself personally. Much consulting and gossiping ensued. One of her neighbors thought it best to play the old lady a trick, another said it would be highly imprudent for a woman of her years to take such a journey, especially to trust herself alone in such a wicked place as London; while a third was quite sure that the writer had some evil design. It did appear a formidable undertaking to one who had never traveled ten miles from her native place. The widow's credulity had often been imposed upon, yet she would believe any thing but that any one would intentionally deceive or wrong her. She had great confidence, too, in the protecting providence of God, whom she served in humble dependence on His grace in Christ, and therefore felt no fear in complying with the request in the letter. Wherefore, notwithstanding the ridicule of some, and the remonstrance of others the good dame started by the first coach which passed through on the morrow, and reached London in time to meet the appointment.

The address given her was at an inn, and on arriving there she was immediately ushered into a private apartment, where two respectable looking men were waiting to receive her. The widow's surprise was increased when one of them accosted her with the familiar phrase,

"How do you do, mother? Don't you remember me, my worthy?" added he, in answer to her half frightened, inquiring glance. "I am Jack Willis, the sailor who housed and fed ten years ago, when he had neither money nor friends. I am now captain of a merchantman; and this gentleman, turning to his companion, 'will, in my name, do the needful to settle an annuity of fifty dollars upon you as proof of my gratitude for your kindness, and especially for your good advice, which I hope, by God's mercy, led me to think of Christ, and trust in him for salvation.'"

The widow, unable to give utterance to the emotion of her swelling heart, burst into tears.

Widow Smith returned to her cottage home, thankful to God for his blessing on her humble efforts to benefit fellow creature in body and soul and for his bountiful care for her, and delighted that she had now increased means of usefulness; and never after did she listen to a tale of suffering without thinking of poor Jack Willis.

—[London Tract Magazine.]

## Reply of Henry Ward Beecher

To the Strictures of the New York Observer, upon the allusion made in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to the Rev. John P. Parker.

[CONCLUDED.]

I enclosed the following note to Mrs. Stowe, and wrote the following note to accompany it, which note is certainly not reverent as it should be, but it shows the honorable intentions I entertained towards Dr. Parker.

After criticizing her card, 1st as attempting to do too many things; 2d, as on that account failing to produce the impression which she desired, I proceeded to say—

3. When any apology is made before the public, it ought to be so explicit as to at once gain for the maker the credit of honesty, frankness, and honor; and then, if afterwards you have sought to say, it would be kindly taken.

Nevertheless, I took it to Joel. He made very faces. We tinkered a little, as you will see, and in this shape he agreed to let it go. But I felt about it. I said to him, "Mr. Parker, I don't like the whole thing. If you will give me pen and ink, and leave me alone, I will write one to my mind." So I wrote the enclosed, i. e. two letters as from him, and one as from you. I am satisfied that these will make a good impression.

You will see that you do not commit yourself to whether he ever said, in any other controversy, this thing. You express a judgment made up upon documents presented. Besides, I am quite satisfied that he has been misrepresented in that regard. That being the case, I desire much an unequivocal statement on that point. Then the statement of the way in which you got hold of the thing will have force, both to exculpate you, and to show that he brought the infection on his own head.

If you approve this, send a copy in your handwriting to Wm. Harned, A. S. Rooms, 43 Beekman street, New York, and he will see to its insertion in Tribune, Era, and Independent.

Truly yours, H. W. B.

I leave for Indiana Monday.

This letter is decisive of my feelings and intentions towards Dr. Parker, and my only hesitation about publishing it is, lest it should seem that I was too severe with Mrs. Stowe. But our disagreement was never for a moment as to the fact of public reputation, nor as to what should be that reputation; but simply as to how much or how little collateral explanation had better be given. Mrs. Stowe was never inclined, as Dr. Parker says, "to insist upon adding to the concessions other matter relating to what she considered my position in respect to the subject of slavery." All that Mrs. Stowe wished on this point was to show exactly what Dr. Parker's position and argument had been on the subject of slavery, in the original controversy, from which the language quoted in her book was supposed to be derived; and where the drift of his argument gave a very different construction to his words from what they would have, standing alone.

Mrs. Stowe had no wish to define his general belief, or his personal relations to slavery. And her difficulty was, that Dr. Parker thought she ought, while she thought she ought not to take blame to herself in any card to be published. A third embarrassment, and the only other, was how, frankly, to retract in regard to the language used in the controversy, without positively declaring, what she would not declare, that Dr. Parker had never used such language as that attributed to him. Her letter is explicit on that subject.

Here my agency in this transaction is closed; I left for the West. On my way home, finding the correspondence in a copy of the Tribune, in Cincinnati, I then first learned Mrs. Stowe's decision and action in this matter. On reaching Brooklyn, I cannot tell whether amazement or indignation was the strongest, on reading the following letter from Dr. Parker to Prof. Stowe, which had been sent to me by Mrs. Stowe.

Dr. Parker to Prof. Stowe.

NEW YORK, June 30, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR: Are you aware of the fact that the letters published in the Tribune and Independent as purporting to have been written by myself, were not written, nor signed, nor sanctioned by me?

They were drawn up by the Rev. H. W. Beecher, and when read by me I expressed the idea that they might, with some modification, lead to the settlement of the difficulty. I proposed that Mr. Beecher should show them to my counsel, Mr. Butler, and that they should be made the subject of a future consideration.

This was the understanding when we separated. I mean Mr. Beecher and myself. I have heard nothing from Mr. Beecher or Mrs. Stowe since, till, to my astonishment, I learned that these letters had been published without modification, without my knowledge or consent.

I am not aware whether Mr. Beecher saw my counsel or not. I have made repeated efforts to see Mr. Butler since my return, for I have been absent. But he has been out of town, and I have as yet learned nothing from him.

It has appeared to me unwise to come out and deny publicly the authorship of the letters ascribed to me. They may have got to the press by some mistake of a third party to whom they may have been intrusted, for I cannot yet believe that either Mr. Beecher or Mrs. Stowe would intentionally authorize their publication, and I prefer that Mrs. Stowe should have the privilege of explaining the mistake, rather than she should appear to have done a thing so extraordinary as to publish letters over my name without either my signature or consent.

It has seemed to me, all along, that it would have been well for you to have come and seen me about this business. I cannot consent to stand before the public as one soliciting it as a favor from Mrs. Stowe to set me right before the public. I wish her to set herself right in respect to what she has done in relation to me. I am not impatient. I allow time. But it is not a matter for compromise, as if there were wrong on both sides. I do not wish to afflict Mrs. Stowe, and would not knowingly consent to her doing anything, on my account, that would not be, under the circumstances, the very best thing for her character and her reputation as a Christian woman. Had you not better come on and see me? I have had my full share of trouble about the business, and in my earnestness to settle the matter amicably, I have borne much more than my friends think I ought to have done. I have no doubt that you and I could settle the whole affair, by a conference of an hour or two, and I quite agree with you that it would be a great shame that we should have any sort of public conflict in relation to it. With great respect, yours, truly, JOEL PARKER.

Rev. C. E. Stowe, D. D.

About this time Dr. Parker had given his version of this matter to Mr. Converse, editor of the Christian Observer, Philadelphia, and in the last number of that paper, Oct. 24, 1852, the following editorial account is given:

Mrs. Stowe and Dr. Parker.

Some months since, our attention was called to a misrepresentation of Dr. Parker's language and sentiments in one of the first notes of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." At the same time we were told that Dr. P. had written to Mrs. S., requesting her to retract the mis-statement. We were also advised that Mrs. S. was not disposed to make the correction required—and that Dr. P. put the matter into the hands of an able counsel for adjustment. About the last of June, a correspondence appeared in some of our exchange papers purporting to be copies of letters between Dr. P. and Mrs. S., amicably settling the difficulty. We read the letters with amazement! We were surprised that Dr. P. should permit Mrs. S. or any one "to set" him "right before the public" in the style of Mrs. S.'s letters, or that he should ever ask to be "allowed" to publish such a letter! Meeting with Dr. P. shortly after, he assured us, in answer to some inquiry, that THESE LETTERS WERE FORGERS! that he neither wrote them, nor signed them, nor consented to their publication; and that Mr. Beecher had caused them to be published without his consent!

"Why, then, do you not expose the forgery?" we asked. Dr. P. replied, in substance, that the exposure would be discreditable or scandalous to the ministry—and that he wished to avoid anything that might be the occasion of reproach to the ministry or religion. It was then our intention to publish nothing about the matter; but as it is now spread abroad, we think it due to those concerned to state the facts contained in this article.

The italics and capitalization are the Christian Observer's.

On the same day that Dr. Parker wrote to Professor Stowe, as above, he wrote to my venerable father, Dr. Lyman Beecher, of Boston; and the cool recital to a father of his son's agency in a transaction which he pronounces a forgery, must forever stand as a model.

Dr. Parker to Dr. Lyman Beecher.

NEW YORK, June 30, 1852.

REV. AND DEAR SIR: Your very kind letter came duly to hand. I delayed responding to it, because I hoped